

Thursday morning V. 5. 1949

Reverend dear Father Aloysius,

This letter is a sincere request ~~for~~ help. I have just talked to Lucille Staley over the phone; she worries me very much. She is almost in despair; among many other things she is suffering from spiritual aridity. She can't hardly pray, or even look at her Statues. As a rule I could advise her and she would respond beautifully, but today I felt she couldn't hardly believe what I was telling her about Gods presence and especially the Holy Ghost, who dwells in us when we are in the state of grace. She told me she even had the urge to drink. That was something she has overcome. It would be terrible if she went back to that.

I told her to sit right down and write to you about the way she feels, but she said she didn't think you cared.

I assured her that was not so, even though you were restricted about having visitors and telephone calls. I told her that you would certainly pray very hard for her.

A word from you, either written or by phone would do so much for her. Please Father!

I told her too, to recommend herself to Therese Neumann, especially today when she starts her weekly suffering. I read the other day that she told a Bishop, if people will just send her their mental communications, she will receive them and if it is the will of God, help them; or give our Guardian Angels our message and he will bring it to her. — I will send you a copy of this booklet this week.

My son Alays is making beautiful progress but needs our earnest prayer to give him the generosity he needs. He knows he has a vocation he told me, but he is not quite ready to acknowledge it. Please pray hard. I am begging the Little Flower and

Therese Neumann to intercede for him.

Saturday he will go to Loyola for a test in this Music Scholarship. All he has to do is sing. It would help us a great deal to get this scholarship, since it is very expensive to go to College and I am not sure just how we would be able to afford it. Gods will be done! —

If I get to it, I will mail you the minutes of last nights meeting and the last one tomorrow. Also I will tell you a little about myself. — The Holy Spirit has been very much alive within me to my greatest consolation. I feel such a love for him. —

Please continue to pray for me and guide me from where you are, since I can not talk with you. Thank you so very much Father. — Recommending you to the Hearts of Jesus and Mary I remain your very obedient daughter
Maria

May 10, 1949

Dear Father Dave:

I have tried to think very carefully of what I should tell you as actual facts which led to my return to the world, but I find on thinking things over, it is well nigh impossible to separate the natural from the supernatural.

I cannot understand why everyone's life is not just like this. It is, I believe, if they could only understand and recognize God's hand in the guidance of their destinies.

As long as I can remember, - when I was in a high chair, - my angel told me what I should or should not do to please God. My mother told me I belonged to God and Our Lady, so it was perfectly natural for me to consider heaven my home, and earth only a temporary place where I should abide until God called me back. When I was a baby, and a little youngster, my angel told me I belonged to God, and that I should keep my heart and soul very pure for Him.

When I was about nine or ten, the Rector of the Franciscans, Montreal, - Father Ambrose, a very holy priest told me I was destined to become a Poor Clare. I protested as I planned on becoming a teacher. He answered, "No, my child. I see it written on your forehead; you will become a Poor Clare. You will suffer a great deal, - ah, you will suffer a great deal; but do not be discouraged, my child; you will die a saint." He told me this three times.

Before going as a boarder to Lachine, I began to worry about my vocation, so I begged our dearest Lord that if He did not want me to be a teacher He should let me know, even though it meant my leaving school, so I would know His will.

From being the star of St. Angela's I became quite indifferent about my studies and gradually lost my memory, (for three months.) I planned on running away because the sisters would not let me leave, and would not believe I was ill. They felt I had gone there with the express idea of joining the order as soon as I graduated.

I did nothing for almost a year; then spent some time with mama's relatives in Vermont. Then one day when I returned home (on my way uptown to do an errand for mama) - I went into the Cathedral to say hello to our dearest Lord. It was November 2, 1905, First Friday, and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. As I knelt down my Jesus said, "Vow to me your chastity and that you will become a Poor Clare as soon as possible." I was frightened but did as He asked. He made the request three times.

I did nothing about keeping my vow for several months, when suddenly I realized I must do God's will. I applied at Cleveland Poor Clares and was received October 3, 1906. I did my utmost to please God and my superiors. One year later I was given the habit.

Without my knowledge, I was considered very extraordinary and penitential. When time came for my first vows, I was told I could not make profession then as I was too delicate, having hemorrhaged from a shock, (lightening struck my chair), a few months earlier. All my novitiate companions were already five days in retreat. On the feast of Our Lady, the Immaculate Conception, Our Lady told me that she would give me her Divine Son as my spouse, and before the day was over I would join the others in retreat. I told my Mistress (Mother M. Clare), who answered that it was impossible, and considered what I told her as a great joke. At noon she told me Our Lady better hurry up! Did I still hope? I answered, "Of course, I'll make profession with the others; Our Lady never breaks her word." The day slipped by. When collation time came, as we knelt to beg pardon for the faults of the day, the parlor bell rang. Father Prov. Samuel, Father Rector, Leonard, and Father Confessor Jasper, were there and demanded that I should immediately go into retreat and make profession with the others. Our Lady kept her word as she had several times promised that day.

When it was time for perpetual vows, I was going through a time of great spiritual darkness. Mama was very ill and I felt it was my duty to go and take care of her. I felt I did not want to be a Poor Clare. Anyway, I thought I was subject to delusions; that mama had no one to really love her but me. It was my hour of adoration, 10:00 to 12:00 P.M., as I was saying Matins, the fifth night of retreat, my soul was plunged in deepest darkness. I looked toward the oratory window where I beheld the eye of God. As I looked in great bewilderment, not understanding what I saw, God the Father stood before me, and merged within Him was God the Son, and hovering over all in a divine light was God the Holy Ghost. In a loud voice, God the Father asked me whom I loved the most, He or mama. When I answered he said, "Know, my child, I am Master of life and death. I hold them in my hands. If you go to your mother, I shall take her and it will avail you nothing, but if you are faithful and true I will bless her and give her strength. I have chosen you to be my spouse." Then He disappeared. I was extremely happy knowing my God really wanted me for Himself. All darkness and doubts immediately disappeared. I was professed in five days.

The following day I left the novitiate. Almost immediately, we received into our Community a Visatandine from the disbanded house in Evanston, Illinois. We were told she was quite extraordinary, and might not be able to follow the rule in its entirety. Chapter was called and by almost unanimous vote she was received. Then Mother Magdalene was appointed mistress. Sr. Concepcion (the former Visatandine) immediately or very shortly received the habit. In a short time she began causing trouble in the Community. Until then our Community was heavenly.

A spirit of unrest prevailed. A Visitation was held. M. Magdalene was deposed in order that M. Clare, who was more strict and severe could replace her. M. Magdalene called me and told me she was going back to the world. I begged her to reconsider, but she said she no longer had any use for community life. She was a convert and did not have too strong a vocation, but she was a perfect religious. She only became a Poor Clare because she could not become a hermit. I went to my Jesus and begged Him to save her. I was afraid she would abandon our faith. Our dearest Lord told me to go to the M. Abbess and tell her certain things and ask her to permit me to take Sr. Magdalene and Sr. Concepcion and any others who wanted to and make a new Foundation in Canada. I asked M. Magdalene if she would come if Mother Abbess consented. She said, "Yes, because I know Mother Abbess will never consent; she has let many good offers slip by." I answered, "I know she will consent because God wants it that way." Mother Abbess Theresa said she would not consent to a new Foundation in Canada because they were at war, but that Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Illinois wanted a Foundation and that we should go there. She then wrote Bishop Muldoon, who immediately said we could come, but we must have so much money. Our combined doweries did not make the amount, and Mother said she could give us no more. M. Magdalene said, "Sister, it's all off." Then I went to my Jesus and begged His help. He told me that on the feast of St. Joseph, we would receive the missing amount as well as a very important letter from Bishop Muldoon. I told M. Magdalene, who told me that if we did not get money and letter before St. Joseph's Day was over the whole project was off. At noon on St. Joseph's Day, on our way to refectory, M. Clare, our greatest opponent, slipped a check for \$3,000 into my hand, (part of her dowery), and said, "You and Sr. Magdalene pray for me." As M. Magdalene passed me in refectory I gave it to her. She was dumbfounded and said, "But, Sister, I won't go unless that letter comes today." I answered, "It will come. St. Joseph's Day is not yet over." About one hour later, as we were leaving refectory, a special delivery letter came from the Bishop. M. Magdalene called me and told me I should take care of the Novitiate for the new foundation, and make vestments, as she and Sr. Concepcion would leave immediately. I should have gone, but M. Magdalene said the community did not want Sr. Concepcion around. She promised to send for me and the Novitiate as soon as she had a suitable house. Weeks passed. No letters or very few; she was not ready for us.

Then, one day my Angel took me to the Garden of Olives. (I was in ecstasy about two hours) where I saw my Jesus suffering. My heart was broken and I offered to suffer with Him for the ingratitude of men. Then He showed me my life and asked me if I thought for His sake I could endure all I was destined to suffer. After what seemed ages, I agreed.

My Angel told me that Sr. Concepcion was working against me and poisoning the mind of the Bishop; that the Bishop was going to refuse to take me, but not to worry, He would always be with me.

Shortly thereafter we received a letter from M. Magdalene saying that the Bishop positively refused to take me as Sister Concepcion had told him I was very delicate. I wrote back and asked her if

she did not tell the Bishop that I was the foundress and as such I had the right to go. (I had begged Mother Magdalene to be Abbess and say she was the foundress as I was young and inexperienced). She wrote back that the Bishop absolutely refused to take me. Mother Abbess Theresa then sent me and the others on the next train. Bishop Muldoon was nice after we got there.

Sister Concepcion worked against me in every way possible and made my life very miserable. I was persecuted by her from the day I arrived. I became very ill. The Bishop ordered me to say my office in Pater noster.

We were very poor but God blessed our Community and it prospered. My angel told me what to do. We got thousands of dollars and many good postulants.

I took care of all letters of help and condolence. Mother would command me in obedience to ask the Sacred Heart or St. Anthony to cure different ones. I would promise in the name of the Sacred Heart, (because my Jesus told me anything I promised in His name would be granted), - and St. Anthony hardly ever failed to help; I mean curing the sick and dying and other favors equally great, - real miracles which only God could accomplish.

Many public prayers were said for my recovery, both in West Park and in Rockford. Each time my condition became so severe that after consulting theologians, my superiors in both places decided that it was God's will I should suffer; that I was a victim of our Lady, as on those feast days I was worse.

Our dearest Lord would tell me that they should stop praying for my cure as it was His will. All gifts He granted should be paid for in suffering. Finally they prayed no longer for me to get well.

Shortly before I left for Mayo's, Mother Magdalene received a letter asking that I be sent to Italy to replace the dying Abbess of the American foundation of Poor Clares. It was signed "The Bishop of Rome". Mother ignored it. I asked her to let me go as I expected to be sent away shortly. She refused. A second letter came with the same request. She was annoyed to think they would ask for me when every sister was needed in our Community. I cannot remember, but only a few months after this request, Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon sent word he would be over for Visitation that day. It was a great surprise because we usually had several week's notice. He called all the younger sisters, then Mother Magdalene, Sister Concepcion and lastly me. After receiving his blessing he told me to be seated and then said, "Sister, do you know why I am holding this Visitation?" I said, "Not especially, dear Bishop. We usually have one every year." "Well, I want you to know that this visitation is being held especially for you. I have been told by your community that you are guilty of the following faults." Then he accused me

of terrible things. I said nothing because I offered it to God and tried to think of the unjust accusations made against my Savior. Then he roared, "Have you nothing to say?" I answered, "Bishop, what is there to say. No matter what I say, you will not believe me." He enumerated different faults. "Now what do you say?" I answered, "Before my God, I swear that every accusation you made is false, - every accusation is a lie." He continued, "Your superiors have been telling me these things for three years." I answered, "Not my superiors. Mother knows better, and I know she would never say these things. Mother does not lie. Sister Concepcion and her novices must have told you these things." Then he shouted, "You have been pulling the wool over Mother Magdalene's eyes. She is no fit person to judge." I said as quietly as I could, "Dear Bishop, I have told you the truth in all you have asked me." The Bishop said, "The truth is the truth and nothing but the truth; your entire Community would not lie. I give you so long to change your ways or you know what you can do, (get out)". Before collation, I begged pardon of the Community for the scandal I had so unwittingly given. Mother was furious. Said she would privately question every sister and learn the truth. All denied their part in the accusations. Finally Mother said to Sister Concepcion, "Since all deny their part in these accusations against Sister Anna; it all boils down to you. I know I told no lies to Bishop." She looked at Mother and said, "What if I did? She should be thrown out. I never wanted her in our Community." Mother was helpless. Just as I had told her months before when Baby Jesus told me to go and tell Mother Magdalene that that Christmas was my last Christmas in our Monastery. When Mother protested and said I would leave over her dead body, I told her then that when the time came she would be too weak to stand up for me.

While I was in the Choir waiting my turn to be called, my angel told me how I was to be accused and now was the time designated by God that my greatest suffering should begin.

After Visitation all quieted down. Then my brother came to preach the sermon for Dedication as Fr. John, O.F.M., who was to have preached, became suddenly ill. The Rt. Rev. Bishop continued Ned's (brother) theme. After the ceremony they became very friendly and the Bishop was lovely to me. When all was over Sister Concepcion had Ned to herself in the parlor for one hour. When I again saw him he was like a complete stranger. I told him of the Bishop's accusations, and said the only thing I could do was to go to the hospital and be operated and take a chance on life or death. I went to Mayo's where the Bishop came to see me and spent at least one half hour in my room. He gave me \$25.00 to buy candy or anything I wanted and assured me there was more where that came from. He was lovely and gracious.

I was there two weeks. The day of their ^{verdict} came; Dr. Rivers and Dr. Hunt called me and before witnesses told me that there was nothing wrong. I was young, vivacious, ambitious, very charming and beautiful, extremely smart and clever and there was nothing

that would kill me. I was just lazy, suffering repressed passion; I should return to the world and get married and lead a decent life. I did nothing to help my poor Community, spent all my time eating, even raiding the pantry at night, and lying in bed reading murder stories. He gave me a terrible lecture and said he had a letter from my poor Superior begging them to see what they could do with me. I told him it was all abominable lies; that my superior never wrote such a letter. He said, "How can you deny this when here is the letter your superior sent by Sister Francis, who came to take you home?" I said again, "It is a mess of outrageous lies." I then left.

Sister Francis treated me terribly. When we arrived at Madison, I was so ill I begged her to take me to St. Mary's Hospital. Then I told her to go home. I remained five days until I stopped vomiting and felt strong enough to continue the journey to Chicago. An old Jesuit, 82 years old came into my room one morning.

When I arrived I called Agatha Fitzpatrick, (Sr. Theresa's sister and a very good friend). I wired Mother while in Madison and she sent me word not to come home until I consulted Dr. Church. Agatha took me to see him. I stayed over night with the Dominicans. Dr. Church said I should go to New Mexico as I was suffering from T. B. nerves and glands and other conditions. He felt a dry climate would help me in a few months. Mother did not want me to come home. She said the Bishop hated me, called me a devil and did not want me around. She advised me to go back to Cleveland or Canada.

I went to see Fr. De Norris, a school chum of (little) St. Theresa. He advised me to go to Cleveland. I went, and for several weeks hovered between life and death in the extern infirmary. No one knew what was wrong. The Dr. said it might be typhoid. When I got well, Mother Gertrude wanted me to go inside the enclosure; but as I would be giving up my rights to my own Community by doing that I refused for the time being. I did not mingle with the externs but had the infirmary as my quarters.

I wrote to Mother several times. Her answers were all so strange, I could not understand them. She told me if I came home I was either a fool or a saint and she knew I was no fool, but I would be crazy to come home because the Bishop hated me and considered me a devil, and Sr. Concepcion and the Bishop threatened if I returned they would break up our Community.

I did not know what to do. I consulted Fr. Girard, O.F.M., a canon. He told me that Sr. Concepcion had broken up the Evanston Community (65 nuns); she had ruined, Fr. Phillip, her Director, and I should go home and kick her to H. out of our house. I told him I couldn't do that. Fr. John also gave me almost the same advice.

I begged and prayed God to direct me. I thought if I could avail myself of the privilege granted by Canon law to sick religious I might go to New Mexico and get well. The great Dr. Morgan in Mercy Hospital, Chicago said I absolutely could not live more than three months, (hemorrhages, adhesions, displacements). A letter came from Sr. Concepcion which decided the whole question. She told me that she and the Bishop would break up the Community if I returned. That she was now Abbess, as Mother had resigned. Throughout the years she forced me and Mother out of every office we held and took them all herself. The last was to force Mother to resign.

I felt I had no choice. It was either me or the Community, and as my God sacrificed His life for me I felt I could with His help sacrifice my vocation for the welfare of my Community.

When I sent my application to the Bishop, he told me to think it over; to come back home because he was afraid I would regret this step all my life. Yet, he sent dispensation. I did not know what to make of his letter. Sr. Concepcion, as Abbess, sent Sr. Francis to demand my habit and ring. I gave my habit but refused to give my ring, as mama had given it to me, and in my soul I was still the spouse of my Jesus and a P.C.C. and I'd get along without a habit until God saw fit to give me a new one.

In the world I had many ups and downs but my angel never left me and God granted me many favors and in my soul I knew He promised me I would die a Poor Clare. When day when He was angry He said, "They will cry for your bones but I will see that they will never get them. Be consoled, you will die a Poor Clare and a saint. I will see that justice is done."

As the years slip by I realize more and more how good God has been to me; how merciful He has been to forgive my sins and spare me to atone for them by some of my sickness and pain. Many times, He has said, "Build a shrine to my Immaculate Mother where reparation can be made to her Immaculate Heart and mine, where holy souls will love and honor us, - one soul, one Hail Mary can do much to appease the wrath of the Father, and implore mercy for a grieving world. Pray for my chosen ones, - priests - do penance. Many are called, but few are chosen." Once hell opened and I saw the souls of lost priests. It was terrible, and if I could spend all my life in prayer and penance and suffering to save only one - Father, I wish I could make you and our beloved Bishop know how God longs for this Foundation, how God longs for just a few souls who will give themselves completely to Him. God loves us so much; we have such a fountain of blessings in His divine heart and the heart of His Blessed Mother. I would try very hard to become holy and a saint as I know my Jesus wants me to be. And I would work very hard to save many many souls. I can do nothing, but with

the help of my God, I can be powerful, and I can fight the evil one with the help of Our Lady.

I have no money, but that is a minor handicap. My Father in Heaven is rich and He will see to it that I want for nothing.

Here is what I propose: That after a rest I shall spend a year under direction, leading as much as possible the life of a Poor Clare. At the end of that time, I shall make a retreat of one month and make profession as a P.C.C. even though I might not yet wear the habit, but with the sanction of his Lordship I would be at liberty to tell my hopes and plans to my friends, and who I know will help me.

There are two small houses and some lots adjoining the Arrowhead Church. They would have to be bought immediately. If the Bishop will permit me to tell my friends, I might get enough to buy this house and land; otherwise, I would have to borrow from him, (They are not too high priced; less than \$7,000) and return the money as it came in. I could do much if he would only sanction the undertaking, I know our Communities would help in every way possible, and I have all I need in the line of furniture, linen and so forth. With God's help, I can do much.

I truly believe God and Our Lady want this project. Please tell our good Bishop that I and those who join me shall never cease to pray for his welfare and the success of the diocese. But tell him also I desire only God's will. Nothing amounts to a hill of beans if it be not pleasing to God. Further

Father, I have no personal desire to make this Foundation; in fact, I am afraid, but I feel if God wants it, poor health and wretched sinner that I am, I shall spare no effort to bring it about. God will speak through the Bishop. May the Holy Ghost direct him. It must be made immediately, or rather I must have his approval and sanction of my plans immediately if I am to get any financial help.

Father Mike (Lake Arrowhead) has been most gracious offering me free room and board, if necessary, to begin. Let us pray, dear Father, for light to know God's will. I will gladly tell the Rt. Rev. Bishop anything he wishes to know about me, and I swear to God that all I have written is true.

Father please pray for your

Unworthy child

Mary L. Walsh

P. S. Regarding the old Jesuit (about 25 years ago) I mentioned elsewhere, the second day I was in the Madison Hospital, St. Mary's, he came into my room, and said, "My child, I can see you are suffering greatly; you are going through a persecution, but don't worry, I know that some day God is going to use you to make a new Foundation. Then you will be very happy and He will make you a saint." About 26 years ago my Jesus told me to take the dead baby of one of our benefactors in my arms and He would return it to life. For various reasons I did not do as I was told. He was displeased and hurt and told me that for my lack of confidence, He would leave me for 25 years. The 25 years are almost up. I am hoping that our beloved Bishop will be the means of giving my Jesus back to me by granting me the favor I ask. I hope, pray and desire only and ever God's holy will.

Father, in the early days of the order, little children were taken in to be taught Catechism preparatory to First Communion. That could again be done. Also we could have a retreat house in connection with our Monastery. With a few slight changes to take place within the year the two small houses could be equipped and connected with the little Church without too great expense, and a small monastery begun. When we started in Rockford, our house was small. We divided rooms into cells by means of curtains and we got along very nicely until our Community grew so large we had to have larger quarters. Then God most wonderfully provided them. God will not be outdone in generosity.

Father, you remember I told you when I spoke to the Bishop in San Diego after he had written Sisters, I asked him in the event they did not come if he would be willing to let me go ahead as I am asking to do now, he answered, "After consulting Father Dave, if I find you left the Community for good reasons, and he recommends you, I shall apply to Rome for a dispensation, and profess you myself." I hope he will remember this promise.

As you know, M. Magdalene and Sr. Concepcion both have passed away; also all my old superiors. The other Foundation my Jesus told me to make is well established. The sisters are all good and holy.

Father Mike firmly believes that my Shrine including Monastery, and Father Luke's including Convent are one and the same. I have spoken to several priests and all, including you, my beloved Patre, feel the same, so it really looks as if it is God's Will.

About a year ago I wrote Rt. Rev. Bishop Buddy and told him what my Jesus wanted. I told him about the Shrine and Monastery on a hill.

Mrs. Neiman knew about my Shrine as I had spoken to her about it a few years ago. She came to me about a month ago with an offer of \$2,000 from a friend for my Shrine; then told me what was

already started by Father Mike regarding Father Luke's Shrine to Our Lady. I told her I could not take money but would write Father Mike and find out if her story was true. Father Mike assured me it was true and asked me to come up and see him. By comparing notes we decided it was one and the same Shrine and Convent. Now all is in God's hands.

On my way from Albuquerque to Sansum Clinic in Santa Barbara, I stepped out of the train in San Bernardino to walk around on platform. It was a beautiful day. My angel said, "You will come back to this city some day and make a Foundation of Poor Clares." I worked hard saving money and souls with that in mind. When I finally returned several years later. I would never have gone there to live had not God intervened.

Father, I think I had better tell you the natural causes of my illness. When I entered I was 100 percent perfect. Being very willing and strong I was called upon for many heavy jobs. When a novice, I was unjustly accused by my superiors for an act of penance I performed in obedience, which I was told to do every time I made objections. M. Theresa, Abbess, forbade me helping anyone because she said I was doing the work of six sisters, and the more I did the more they would impose upon me - (my angel used to help me). The Mistress of Novices piled the work on, - then punished me if I said I could do no more because Mother had forbidden me to do so much for others. Chapter was called; I was corrected and accused of deceiving my superiors, etc. Mother humiliated and reprimanded me severely. They would not admit they imposed the penance on me and it broke my heart to think they thought I was deceitful. I went to my Jesus while telling Him my trouble I hemorrhaged. They called the Doctor. After a careful examination he said the blood came from my heart. It just burst from grief, I guess. Later that year lightning struck the chapel and choir. We were saying the Little Hours before Mass. All the sisters ran out but Mother Abbess and me. I begged God to have mercy on me and the others as we expected the roof to collapse. A few days later I became very ill and was at the point of death. I had intestinal hemorrhages for almost six weeks with a temperature of 103 to 106. After I continued to bleed (slowly) for three months - after I was strong enough to get up, the Doctor said it was from shock because I did not cry out. Following this Our Lady let me make first vows. A few months later we got up in the morning to find the boiler room flooded. Then our Mistress asked me and Sister Raphael to clear the sacks of cement (being used by workmen) away and put them on benches in the hall so they would not get wet if the water rose higher. Sister Raphael was then a postulant and had hurt her back before entering. She was almost six feet tall and I was short, and she took the bags by ears. I had the heavy end; she got a pain in her back, dropped her end, and the jerk tore all my organs loose. We finished the job, however, many 100 pound sacks. I became very ill and faint. The Doctor was called, said I had to be operated immediately for fear of blood poisoning or cancer setting in.

They wired mama who gave her consent. Dr. Gallagher wanted to operate; Dr. O'Neil wanted to try treatments. I went to Mother and begged her to let me take treatments. She told me I must make my choice; lose my vocation or be operated. I was operated the next morning and when opened was found perfect. An accident happened in the hospital through carelessness of a nurse. I almost died and it set me back months. When I came home, M. Clare immediately took me out of infirmary and put me to work at light jobs. I fainted repeatedly. Then a stomach condition set in and the doctors said I had cancer and nothing could be done. I starved for one year eating only a spoonful of cornmeal and a little milk at meal times. I did not sleep for a year. Yet I worked hard making vestments, habits and at manual labor. Finally, Sister Angela asked my permission one day to make some medicine for me because she said if they were just going to let me die, her pills could do no worse. The doctors said I could not make blood and had scarcely a drop to keep my heart going. Sister Angela's pills helped my stomach but one day in July as I was pitting cherries I collapsed and could not rise from the floor. They carried me to the infirmary, where I went through extreme agony for three months. Then I began to get better, but was not allowed to follow any of the Community exercises. I never slept but would slip into lethargies or something around noon. I was unconscious for about two hours every day, but part of that time I knew what was going on around me, although my eyes were closed and I lay like dead.

Then, Sister Concepcion was received into our Community.

After moving to Rockford, before we went into enclosure, I had a goitre removed, which also I got from constant vomiting and fallen stomach; also my tonsils removed which was a most brutal performance; during the operation I lost almost all my blood. The doctor was insane.

I always suffered intensely on the Vigil of Our Lady's feasts, also a great deal all the time. I could not say office in community excepting at times as my head was a mass of pain. All the miracles and great favors from God were granted through the prayers of my sisters and mother. I just happened to know that they would be granted, and I had to suffer because I guess the dear Lord figured a little more misery would not kill me.

I was kept in a sick, nervous condition through Sr. Concepcion's interference, etc. She did all in her power to drive me insane or out of the Community. Yet, at times she would be most friendly. My angel repeatedly told me how Sister was acting, how she was poisoning the minds of novices, the Bishop, and friends.

One day I was feeling very badly. My Jesus said, "She will suffer through her novices as she now causes you to suffer, and in the end they will turn against her."

I returned to the world but before doing so my superior commanded me in obedience to write a letter to the Bishop in my own defense. I hated to write that letter because I knew that in the end God would see that justice was done. I told Bishop Muldoon I was writing because Mother commanded me to do so. Then I enumerated each fault and sin I was accused of and at the end, as well as I remember, I said, "These are Sister Concepcion's faults - not mine. I swear before God, I have done none of these things." Several years later, Bishop Muldoon passed away and Bishop Haban was appointed to the diocese. My letter was found in the archives. A Visitation was held. Five sisters lost their minds while waiting to tell the visitor that Sister Concepcion had threatened to send them back to the world if they did not lie about me. Rather than lose their vocations they told Bishop Muldoon the things Sister Concepcion told them to say. As well as I know, all five went to the Aurora Sanatorium, (all recovered). Then Bishop Haban and Counsellor told Sister Concepcion she must leave the Community. M. Magdalene was so disgusted and heart broken she left with sister Concepcion.

All my letters to Mother and all hers to me were intercepted and taken to the Bishop by an extern sent by Sister Concepcion. That is one reason there were so many misunderstandings. Letters were typewritten by Sister Concepcion and I imagine Mother's name was forged to them. When I saw Bishop Muldoon at Mayo's he did not treat me as if I were a demon; neither did he accuse me of badness. After the Visitation - he was lovely and a very holy man, and I held him in the highest esteem.

All happened as foretold and as God in His infinite wisdom planned. There were many lessons I had to learn, experience I had to acquire, especially if God desires this Foundation on the hill. I had to learn suffering in the heart, the suffering of others. Above all, I had to learn humility to be able to teach it to others, and I had to learn to recognize God's will in all that happens on this earth of ours. I had to learn never to criticize or judge others because to all God has not given the grace He has given to me. He has been so good to me. I had to learn through suffering to sympathise with others, and I had to learn and know myself as I must appear to the infinitely Holy God. I know my sins deserve hell but God is so kind and merciful.

Father, again, I say, I wish only God's holy will, the grace to save my poor soul and through God's grace and the infinite merits of my Savior to help a little to save others. I recommend all this to our sweet Mother Mary, St. Joseph and St. Anthony, and my beloved Angels, and my Mother St. Colette and St. Clare.

Don't forget to tell our good Bishop that my Jesus has said many times, "Build a Shrine to my Immaculate Mother on a high hill overlooking San Bernardino where holy souls can make reparation, and love and honor my Mother and me." And then He filled my soul with love so great that I cannot express it in words, but He made me understand that even one soul loving and sacrificing could save the world. You know how He loves and talks, and you know how

one would go to the depths of hell if that could please Him. Father, you will just have to use your wonderful powers to make our Bishop understand and to plead my cause. Tell him, God will work many wonders through His Mother. He will fill our house with devout souls in one year, if he will only give me his blessing and sanction. But I leave all to God and I desire only His will. I can do nothing by myself. With Him, I can do all things.

Humbly,

(

Mary.

November 15, 1949.

Miss Mary Walsh,
414 Eleventh Street,
Santa Monica, Calif.

Dear soul in Christ:

This hasty note is to urge you, if you have not done so already, to write at once to the Archbishop and tell His Excellency about the trial you are going through on account of Roselinda. Tell His Excellency everything very plainly. I want you to do it at once because Roselinda desires that the ecclesiastical authorities also question me. All this should be avoided because, in my situation, I do not like to have my name involved. Tell the Archbishop also that, on account of the contrariety, you would like to wait a little for your foundation, in case His Excellency still is disposed to approve of it in spite of the rumors that Roselinda has spread around.

Both Dolores and Alberta would like to wait a little bit and get some temporary job for the while. This will give Dolores time, as I asked her yesterday, to look for a few more candidates for your prospective foundation. So the time will not be lost.

With great confidence in God and perfect calm, contact the Archbishop at once and do abide in every detail of what His Excellency suggests. God's Will be done, as manifested through His representative, the Archbishop.

In the Immaculate Heart of Mary,

Father Aloysius Ellacuria, C.M.F.

L. A. May 11. 1949

Reverend, dear Father Alloysius,

Enclosed I am sending you a copy of the minutes of our last two meetings and also a copy of the notes I made at the Retreat. They are not too complete, but maybe it will please you to have them. Please forgive me if they are not as good as they should be.

Thank you for your prayers for Lucille, she is a little better. She came to see me. We had a good talk and I read her something in spirit. avidity out of the "Introd. to a Devout Life" that seemed to clear things up a little. She admitted she was selfish to think that you didn't care. She understands better now. —

Whether Alloys will make a decision about a vocation now is doubtful, but I feel that the grace of God is working hard in him. Last night I talked with him about God, all of a sudden

he said: " Oh Mom, I just had the most beautiful inspiration about the greatness and the omnipotence of God". He was really overwhelmed. — He told me that the only happy life in his opinion is that of a hermit who really has time to contemplate God as one should.

Isn't that a beautiful sign? He told me, he feels that his thoughts are not those of a young boy, but rather of an older person. Because he said when he expresses himself to his friends they don't seem to understand him! Where will he end? —

I am very happy that you chose some books for us to read during our meetings; I wanted to ask you to give us something definite to study. —

At next week's meeting we are planning to have a May Crowning and special devotion to Our Lady with a Consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Do you approve of this? We hope you can come early to make this evening real beautiful!

With many kind regards through the Hearts of Jesus and Mary I remain your very obedient daughter Maria



J. M. J.

ST. MARY'S CONVENT,
NOTRE DAME,
INDIANA.

May 12th 1949

Rev. Aloysius Ellacuria C.M.F.

Rev. Dear Father

This reminds me of writing to a long lost Brother, so long since I heard from You, hope You are well. I did want to write to You concerning Alberta, I had nothing definite until I saw Mother Regina the Mistress of Novices, Alberta's trouble with her eyes, was her sole reason for leaving the novitiate. Mother did everything for her that could be done except Surgery, Mother sent her to Salt Lake to a specialist there after his examinations, he sent her to a specialist in Chicago, that man, had her see a Nerve and Muscle Specialist in the same City who found the muscles of both eyes crossed, which led her to double vision, her sight is perfect, she was brought back to the eye surgeon who on examining her eyes again, asked her if she was happy saying 100 Operations would not cure You if You are not a rather strange question for a Non Catholic to make, in other words, that the Condition might be aggravated by worry & unhappiness, that condition is called a Psychic, affair of the nerves, & muscles, of course Alberta was suffering a nervous strain, not being able to carry on, either to study or read more than 20 minutes intervals, so one would





Our Lady Academy
Manteno, Illinois

May 25, 1949

Dear Reverend Father:

I hasten to write you these few lines to request that you say a Mass for P. M. Medeiros on his feast.

I hope I am not too late. I have not been feeling so well, so things have piled up on me.

I am on a rest schedule now which is mesmeric with all I must do before August 15th. I guess God will have to do what I cannot do. The doctor calls it exhaustion from over-work. He may be right but not entirely.

In your holy prayers please continue to remember my needy

soul. I need it as much
as ever, may more. I am
using Seeds of Contemplation
for my meditations, by Thomas
Merton. It is very good.
Let me know if you have
it or not. We could send
it to you for your feast.

As each day brings you
closer to Christ and more intimately
one with Him, remembers us
who are for, for from Him.

There really isn't anything I can
say about the spiritual, but I
guess one must reach the depths of
nothingness and inability before
seeing the Light - which is for in
the distant horizon. My faith tells
me it is there though I do not
see. God be with you always
and may He bless you for all you
have done for me. S. M.